

The Michigan Every Three Weekly

Volume 1, Issue 7

one hundred and ten years of five weeks between issues (sorry)

March, 2000

Michigamua Office To Be Converted Into “Big Chief Win-Um” Casino

ANN ARBOR—The SCC, after occupying Michigamua’s office for almost a month, has finally reached an agreement with the secret society regarding the seventh floor of the Union. The space will be converted into the “Big Chief Win-Um Casino” to honor the life and culture of previous generations of Native Americans. Half of the casino proceeds will fund the SCC’s next pointless occupation, while the other half will be funneled into Michigamua’s continuing campaign to control the entire world via heavy drinking.

Both sides are claiming victory in the aftermath.

“This secret society was denigrating our culture in front of literally all of its members who had been in the dusty, unused attic,” said SCC leader Joe Reilly. “Clearly something had to be done to expose this blatant, obvious disregard for our heritage. By converting what once was an offensive degradation of Native American

culture into this celebration of our true calling, the SCC has struck a blow for racial equality!”

Meanwhile, Michigamua has success-

ness protection program to regain our precious anonymity,” said Michigamua member Kevin Magnuson, “but we figured that the Daily is just going to ‘expose’ us again next year.”

The new casino’s mascot, Chief Big Win-Um, will adorn all entrances, exits, and chips within the establishment in tribute to happier times for Native Americans. “I remember when casinos dotted the land like buffalo,” said SCC leader Joe Reilly. “That was before the white man came with his thundersticks, firewater, and devious autistic-brother-card-counting schemes. Big Win-Um hearkens back to a time when Native Americans were a happy-go-lucky folk.”

However, some members of the Native American community have voiced concerns about the nature of the Chief. “He does not look savage enough, nor is his skin red enough,” says Washtenaw Community

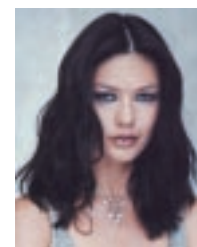
See SCC
page 6



The new sign placed outside the Michigan Union this morning.

fully circumvented state and federal laws to create yet another illicit source of funds with which the secret society will do nothing much. “We considered joining the wit-

INSIDE THIS ISSUE



Oscar News:
Michael Douglas
Nominated for
Best Score



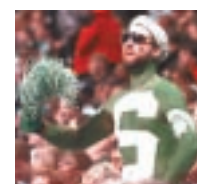
Gene Pool Saved
by Tragic
Accident: Natural
Selection
Celebrated in
Death of Three



Jokey Smurf
Arrested for
Unabomber
Copycat Crimes



Engler Wins
“Super Fat
Tuesday”
Primary



Dunks Against
Mad Mothers Hold
Annual Rally in
East Lansing



Fetus Shoots
Zygote; Angry
Parents Call For
Tiny Gun
Control



MSA Elections
Cancelled Due To
Lack Of Interest



A University Activities Center
Publication

12 Christians Released Following “Ash Bash”

Amid shouts of “stone them” and cries for crucifixion, the twelve Roman Catholics arrested during a raucous “Ash Bash” celebration last Wednesday were released from Ann Arbor City Jail yesterday. The infamous twelve were also fined \$500 for their participation in the new-wave Christian party that turned sour last week.

“Traditionally Ash Wednesday occurs after ‘Fat Tuesday’ and marks the beginning of Lent,” said campus preacher Marcus Adams. “It’s normally a time of somber reflection and fasting, but I guess all these damned papists just don’t know how to have a good time without burning some witches.”

Rumors of an unusually well attended Ash Wednesday service coupled with extremely loud Bob Marley music exploded into a tense near-riot, as a crowd of reefer-smoking thugs and blatant Catholics began to spiral out of control. DPS was called in to remove the immoral people, and, once the Catholics were sent home, they also escorted the potheads off campus.

“Drugs, drinking, and women aren’t



One of the many rowdy people among the Ash Bash crowd

things we like having associated with good, God-fearing Catholicism,” stated life-long Catholic Ted Kennedy.

Carey Lowell’s son, Billy, was arrested last week. “When the police called saying they had my Billy in custody because of Hash Bash I didn’t know what to think. But

when they told me he was arrested for taking part in Ash Bash I was so ashamed. It’s one thing to have your child being suspected of being a reefer addict, controlled by drugs to do Satan’s bidding—it’s another to discover he’s a Catholic! Oh, Allah (peace be upon him) what am I going to do?”

The “Ash Bash Apostles”, as they are being called, contend that they are being punished excessively. “Look at what happened after the MSU riots,” said John Walsh, one of the twelve. “No one was stoned, crucified, or otherwise killed in an extremely painful manner.”

However, many analysts are confused by the Ash Bashers’ argument. “What exactly does he mean, after the MSU riots?” asked sociologist Robert Benton. “Have the riots stopped or something?”

Local geek Rodney Stevens has a possible explanation. “It’s as if he believes that East Lansing is not a war-torn no-man’s-land inhabited by only the criminally in-

See ASH BASH
page 6

Law Student Leaves for Pro Ranks Early

Competitive classmates gave a collective sigh of relief last Monday when Michael "The Brief" Rubinwicz declared that he would forego his final year of law school at the University of Michigan to enter the workforce this fall.

During a press conference held Monday outside his favorite cubicle at the Shapiro Graduate Library, Rubinwicz, a second-year law student, made his announcement. "I've accomplished everything I could here and frankly, I just want to practice at the highest level," said the neatly-dressed multi-term Angell Scholar. "I've enjoyed my time here, but I feel I should be competing with the Cochrans and Shapiros of the world. I'm ready."

Rubinwicz is the latest in a long line of students lost to early professional law entry. The most notable among them is Robert Burnette, who just one year ago left the high school debate team his father coached to join the National Bar Association.



Michael "The Brief" Rubinwicz in action.

Burnette said that he offered advice to Rubinwicz about his decision. "The adjustments, especially some of the life-style aspects, were difficult at first. I mean, the guys at my firm all had wives, lovers, and hot secretaries. As a young kid my only experience in that area came from fooling around with some of the dirty chicks at the community college back home. I'll admit I was scared at first, but I adjusted. I bought an expensive foreign-made automobile, hired a gorgeous paralegal and now I'm a great lawyer."

Burnette, who became Delaware's youngest ever district attorney, continued, "Early on, I had trouble executing, but now I'm a dominant force in the NBA."

Just last month he convicted a 67-year-old woman despite her obvious innocence and adamant supporters. "A case like that is extremely difficult," said Burnette, "Especially in a crowded room filled with angry grandchildren and rabid church officials. But I put the bitch on ice and I'm confi-

dent Rubinwicz will be doing the same twelve months from now."

The defection of Rubinwicz has some educators fearing that this is part of a growing trend. They say the focus is being removed from actual learning and America's universities are fast becoming mere minor league systems, stepping stones for those enrolled to pursue secure, high paying jobs.

But, as Prof. Steven P. Croley explains, it's hard to blame the students. "The legal field has traditionally been a means of escape for those brought up in largely upper-middle-class suburban neighborhoods. When these kids finally have the opportunity to 'get out', it's not surprising they do. Students dream of buying their parents houses in affluent gated communities as a means of paying them back for all the grammar rodeos and forensics meets they've attended over the years. This is their opportunity to finally realize that goal."

Despite the potential rewards, however, Croley feels that most early departures are poorly thought out. "I've had students come to me whose only qualifications were remembering the phrases: 'I object,' and 'That's my Lexus,'

**See LAW
page 6**

"High" Hideki Found in Hotel with Hooker, Crack

Polls Shoot Skyward

MSA presidential candidate and ubiquitous campaigner 'Hi' Hideki Tsutsumi was arrested this week for solicitation and possession of an illegal substance suspected to be crack cocaine following an undercover sting at the Plymouth Road Holiday Inn.

Tsutsumi claims the incident is a giant misunderstanding. "I merely asked a woman who appeared to be a sorority girl for her vote," he said. "How was I supposed to distinguish her from a hooker?"

Tsutsumi does accept some blame, however. "I have only been campaigning for office since December of '98," he said. "If I had started sooner, perhaps the young lady would have been more familiar with my 'Hi' Hideki campaign slogan and not interpreted my greeting as some desire for sex and drugs. After all, I am a politician, and politicians don't go in for that kind of stuff."

Despite Tsutsumi's protestations, students across campus are seizing upon his recent run-in with the law as a major selling point. "Ever since '92, I associate two things with the word 'President': sex and drugs," said Rackham student Angela Robbie. "Hideki can say 'hi' to my vote."

Polls taken immediately after news of the arrest broke show a healthy increase in Tsutsumi's support across a wide range of voters, from sex-starved geeks to misogynistic frat boys to zoned stoners. However, some students have been turned off by "High" Hideki's antics.

"Drugs? Hookers? Hotel rooms? This is something we expect from our athletic department, not our student government," said shocked Engineering sophomore Jessica Brand. "Well, maybe that Hop on Chopp chick, but nobody else."

At an early morning press conference Hideki friend and running mate Jim Secreto, an LS&A sophomore, stood by his friend. "Hideki is a man of high morals. He has never once smoked crack in front of me. Well, once, but there were no hookers—wait, there was that one hooker...shit."

Secreto then paused and shuffled through a stack of note cards. After a painful, awkward silence, he finally continued: "Um, go blue! State is for cows and stuff. I am too tubular for you not to vote for me."

Despite the cocaine he purchased, incriminating videotapes and sworn depositions by four law enforcement officers, Tsutsumi still maintains his innocence. "One of the other candidates has assuredly framed me," he said. "They fear my friendly, outgoing message and amazing greeting powers, as well they should. Someday I will find the man who did this and greet him to death. Perhaps they will call me 'Hi-ya' Hideki then."

At the bail hearing, Tsutsumi stood silently holding a sign which read "Hi Hideki!! MSA President 2000! Not Guilty." The judge released him on \$10,000 bond, but only after Tsutsumi had secured his vote.

Hideki Tsutsumi: Say Hi To High Morals And Clean Living



Vote Hideki for MSA!

Not Authorized By Hideki Tsutsumi

ON CAMPUS

Gargoyle Celebrates 8th Reader

The fishbowl area of Angell Hall was jumping with excitement last week as *Gargoyle Magazine*, the University's official humor publication, celebrated the sale of an issue to LS&A Sophomore David Sung-Kai, who mistakenly thought he was purchasing wildly colored "Free Mumia Abu-Jamal" propaganda. The sale brings the grand total of the *Gargoyle's* readership to approximately eight people.

"We're very excited," said Business Manager and contributing writer David Guipe. "The sale of [Sung-Kai's] issue raises hopes that we can squeeze one more person out of this issue. Imagine that... nine whole readers! At this rate, we should have a double-digit readership within 3.2 years."

The *Gargoyle* has been a staple on campus since its inception in 1909. However, poor leadership, Onion-like fonts, and sucking have forced the paper into an unknown, unread abyss.

"It's almost like they're *The University Record* or something," said LS&A Senior Jimmy Chung.

Although the *Gargoyle's* recent price hike from 50 cents to a dollar renders it no longer 'cheaper than toilet paper,' it still manages to elicit laughter as effectively as blank, two-ply sheets of white cotton. "We feel that by creating an inferior product and raising the price, we'll be better able to compete with the other, superior, freer papers on campus," said Guipe.

Other *Gargoyle* staffers claim the price hike was necessary to increase revenues. "When we sold the first copy of issue three we doubled our take from the previous two," said a *Gargoyle* gargoyle who refused to be identified. "That extra fifty cents is almost enough for a load of laundry!"

When asked about what he felt about the *Gargoyle's* chest thumping, the editor of another campus humor publication managed to keep a straight face for at least fifteen seconds.

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Engineering Students Occupy Dorm Room

President Bollinger's already awful semester took a turn for the worse yesterday as University officials announced that two engineering students, freshmen Frank Kinder and Jason Weimer, have been occupying their Bursley Residence Hall dorm room for four days and counting.

"Don't these people have any classes?" asked President Bollinger. "We've got yet another thing occupied. Soon we won't have any room for classes." The protest is just another in a string of occupations including a pair of SOLE sit-ins and the SCC's ongoing campaign against Michigamua.

DPS says that the two electrical engineers began their occupation last Thursday evening when LS&A freshman Staci Smith noted the two enter their room after dinner. "I saw them in there at, like, 7pm when I left for a party, and they were like still there when I came back at 2am," she said.

When Smith saw them still within the room as she left for a party on Friday she asked why they hadn't left. "All they would say was like 'Eeks! 280!' or something. I think that's the name of their group. Something big is going to happen Monday, too. They said that's when their, like, 'Program' is due or something. Creepy."

Smith told DPS of the situation when she stumbled

home early Monday from a weekend of binge drinking and noted the pair still in their room. "It's like, hey, don't you guys party? Then I realized that they must be, like, a group protesting something."

Monday evening President Bollinger met with the pair in their dorm. "They were still on their computers, but I talked with them. They said that this is a normal weekend pattern and that, if anything, they were protesting the release date of *Diablo II* being pushed back again."

President Bollinger left immediately thereafter, claiming he had to meet with five other groups also occupying university buildings. "This is really getting excessive," said a frustrated Bollinger. "I can hardly keep all the groups' acronyms straight, let alone what each group is protesting."

Prominent super rich geek and pro-nerd activist Bill Gates had heard of the protest and was flying out to organize a rally for the protesting engineers, but upon arrival, he was informed of the true situation. "It's disappointing, I guess," said Gates. "I even had a cool slogan made up: 'Everyone else is protesting, so buy Windows 2000 or we'll

See DORM,
page 6



Jason Weimer at his desk in Bursley.

Indonesian Factory Celebrates Meaningless SOLE Victory

KUALA LUMPUR, INDONESIA—A spontaneous cheer erupted from the plant floor of the Nayakama Nike factory yesterday when news of the University of Michigan's entrance into the Worker's Rights Consortium (WRC) finally arrived on Indonesian soil. The cheer was immediately interrupted by the cracking of whips and the cries of the wounded, however, as the celebratory mood was quickly squashed by the crushing reality of life in Indonesia.

"I had this strange feeling," said a floor worker who wished to remain anonymous. "It was like I felt my life was something other than punishment from an arbitrary and aloof God. I think it is called 'happy'?"

However, the worker's brush with contentment was exceedingly brief, as the area supervisor quickly called in the Nike Torture Team to restore order. "You! You turn frown upside down!" screamed the supervisor. "Not permitted! Frown stay down or lips removed!"

Workers all over the plant suffered similar fates during the brief moment of hope afforded them by the courageous efforts of SOLE, the student group which pressured the University into provisional, temporary acceptance of the WRC. SOLE members staged sit-ins in various offices of University officials over the past year, a fact which has

impressed the Nayakama workers.

"A friend of mine was caught sitting last year," said another anonymous worker. "They amputated his buttocks so that he would not sit again. Doubtless countless SOLE members have also braved buttocks amputation in support of our noble cause. Truly these students are selfless heroes and not bored students attempting to rid themselves of liberal guilt. Truly."

The Nike Torture Team then immediately removed the anonymous worker's larynx for speaking.

Nike public relations officials attempted to maintain straight faces during a press conference called to discuss the University's entry into the WRC. "We are very, very concerned with this new wave of campus activism," said John Roberts as he tried not to laugh aloud. "I mean, really... no, seriously, we know that the dedicated efforts of a small group of people can change the world. No matter how much money the corporation they're opposing has. Really. We're trying to be serious here. Who's on first?"

The entire room then burst into spontaneous laughter before calming down once more and regaining a level of decorum, which was broken moments later by another round of guffawing.



Some of the millions of underprivileged workers SOLE has completely failed to help.

"Sweet Guy" Available (But Not For Long!)

by John Anderson

Greetings dear readers. This week I digress from the witty and nonsensical comments normally appearing in this space to address a particular audience- the hot girl in my engineering class. Yes, you, the really, really good-looking girl, that sits at the end of the row, by the foreign guy that asks all those questions. Indeed his zany antics are something we all can enjoy.

Now I'm pretty sure someone like you, being that attractive and all, has a boyfriend. But I think you should give me a chance. Why? Well, apparently I'm "a sweet guy". At least that's what my attractive, female, platonic friends tell me. I mean sure your boyfriend may be a skillful love-maker who drives an expensive car, and routinely purchases items that I'll never be able to afford. But look, there's "a sweet guy" over here!

It's true, all the girls I've met agree. They also say I'm "nice" and "down to earth." This is all pretty crazy I know. I mean how could a guy like me, one who bought a book of poetry a few years ago and plans on reading it eventually, be available while that super-charged athlete of a boyfriend is currently dating a woman of your caliber?

Come on, I'm a sweet guy!

Sure he may be rich and on his way to a successful professional career, but isn't that cliché? Don't you get tired of hearing him talk about himself every night? You don't have to worry about that with me. It doesn't matter

that my grades are low, a close friend recently passed away, and I may not be able to afford tuition next fall because my father recently lost his job at the old mill. I'd rather talk about YOUR problems. How's the cat? He's not still coughing up that jigsaw puzzle is he? I hope not. I worry about you and Mr. Meow every night. That's just how sweet of a guy I am.

Now I'm not saying your boyfriend's a jerk, but don't you get tired of going wind surfing with your rugged, Pierce Brosnan-esque date? Well, if you'd rather do something low key that's cool with me. And I'll tell you what. I won't drag you to some piece of crap movie that has Jean Claude Van Damme traveling through time. You make the choice. I saw a preview of Patch Adams once and it didn't look so bad. That's why my friends think I have "a good heart" I guess.

I think the point I'm trying to get to that you should totally dump your handsome muscular boyfriend and start hangin' out with me, the "sweet guy." But when you do, make sure it's for your own sake, not mine. I'm going to "find someone," at least according to the girls I know who consider me "too precious as a friend to ever think of in a sexual manner." So don't worry about this bag of sugar. I just thought you might enjoy an evening with "a sweet guy."

Letters to the Editor

From: Alex Poniatowski <aponiato@umich.edu>
To: threeweeks.letters@umich.edu
Subject: Huzzah and Kudos!

Hey, first time caller, long time listener. I just want to say Bravo on a job well done. The fact that you're offending people means you must be doing something right. Keep the hilarity coming.

What about an advice column by Ted Nugent (sp?)? It could be titled "Motor City Mad-vice? Eh? Eh? whoooooa-Eh?

I don't want no Scrubs,
-Alex Poniatowski

Thanks for the kind words. Our 'offensiveness' is a by-product of our quality, or at least we hope so. Good, poignant satire *should* step on some toes.

As for your suggestion, we did in fact ask Mr. Nugent if we could re-print his already nationally syndicated column "Tiny Nugents of Wisdom". However, his people declined when they discovered that we here at E3W are all vegans [all we eat are organically produced herbs, soy milk, and the brains of dead Illuminati/Mason/Michigamua members—why the brains you ask? THAT is what gives us our power...].

Thanks for the support,
-Ed.

From: Jeff Heath <jheath@umich.edu>
To: Amol
Subject: Here's something from me that might help.

Dear Sir or Madam,

In an academic world full of tedious, predictable, and heavily deodorized discourse about social issues, reading your publication is like inhaling an invigorating whiff of fresh manure. Not since Swift exposed the scientific rapaciousness of emerging global mercantilism, and Orwell lambasted the hypocrisy of socialist dictatorship, has such mordant political satire been unleashed. Please send me 20 copies of each issue so I can pass them on to students in my first-year seminar on humor.

Could you possibly write a piece about my ex-wife? I will gladly supply some talking points along with an unflattering portrait.

I could not believe this one when Amol told me. Apparently the E3W is used in a class at this very university, specifically Linguistics 102: Humor and Its Enemies. This news, of course, was greeted with amazement.

How could this class not be a four or five hundred level course? And how could Mr. Heath not win the Golden Apple Award year in, year out, for the rest of his life?

You probably don't believe us. But it's true. I swear to God that it's true or Amol is a better liar than anyone ever.

Anyway, regarding Mr. Heath's ex-wife: she is a horrible, horrible person and quite unattractive. Mr. Heath could do much better, and undoubtedly has, repeatedly and with gusto.

A small note on the class for those of you rushing to CRISP into it again and again: it is, sadly, only a first-year seminar, so tough luck.

-Ed.

Email us:
threeweeks.letters@umich.edu

Mark Elliot Gordon: Epilogue, Elegy

And so the challenge ends, as inauspiciously as it began. Mr. Mark Elliot Gordon, writer of the first hate mail received here at E3W headquarters, did challenge us, stating that "he could write a better satire paper by himself". And we did challenge him back, saying "prove it: send us your material."

Sadly, friends, Mr. Gordon has failed to respond to us with any material at all. If we were to publish his hypothetical magazine, all the pages would be blank. And we all know the E3W is much better than blank even if you only consider the picture of Catherine Zeta-Jones-Douglas gracing our front page.

Take heart, though, Mr. Gordon: at least your blank magazine is better than one humor paper on campus. (hint: not us) (additional hint: starts with "gargoyle")

For any of you harboring some deep desire to write us hate mail, please make sure you've got more insane hatred than Mr. Gordon. Only the hardest of hardcore hatred impresses us; please include personal threats, gypsy curses, and other assorted scary tidbits in your letter. Otherwise we will call you a putz.

We have one final note on the subject. You see, the University of Michigan's personal web page server allows anyone with a UM id to check any page on the server, and since we kindly provided a link to Mr. Gordon's webpage (<http://www-personal.umich.edu/~markeg>), which sucks, we found the results interesting:

week beg.:	#reqs:	bytes:	%bytes:	%reqs:
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Jan/ 9/00:	6:	1314:	3.04%:	3.03%:
Jan/16/00:	162:	35394:	81.76%:	81.82%:
Jan/23/00:	28:	6144:	14.19%:	14.14%:
Jan/30/00:	2:	438:	1.01%:	1.01%:

Busiest week: week beginning Jan/16/00 (162 requests for pages).

Our issue came out Jan. 18. The hits before then were probably the E3W staffers checking the page out. So, approximately 190 of you actually read the paper all the way to the letters section and then *actually* got on the internet and went to Mr. Gordon's webpage. For that intrepid spirit, we hereby yield unto those of you who executed this little leap of faith the first annual E3W "Readers of the Year" award.

You don't really get anything, but whenever you're watching one of those Budweiser commercials that says "this Bud's for you," think of us and reward yourself with a cold one... because you deserve it! As long as you are 21, that is, since that is the age when we all magically transform into responsible adults thanks to the Responsibility Fairy.

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First Annual E3W “Win the Shoes and Stolen Textbooks” Contest

We here at the E3W have never had much power. We’ve all dreamed of horribly abusing that power we don’t have. The closest we’ve gotten is goofing off at work. You know, making fun of co-workers, wasting time, small stuff. And kicking orphans.

But now we have a paper. We have a voice—freedom of the press, baby. Look out little old ladies and the poverty-stricken, your number’s up first, because you’re weak. Weak!

Well, actually, we’re going to start by instituting what may become an annual contest. The E3W Win the Shoes and Stolen Textbooks Contest!

Here are the rules:

The E3W staff lives largely off-campus. And we have apartments and houses. The single greatest concentration of E3W staff members lives at the Fabulous 1331 Geddes, a veritable playground of humor, the Unlucky Palindrome, Sanders’ Manors, home of the famous Colonel Sanders painting. And YOU COULD LIVE HERE. Yes, that’s right, many of us will be out of town over the summer, and we need subletters (up to 5) at this house (located right next to the CCRB). Also, there are fabulous E3W apartments at the Highlands(one winner) and 808 Oakland Ave.(four winners) simply reeking with E3W flava.

The Prizes:

As if it weren’t enough that you could bask in the residual glow of the staff of the E3W, we’re giving away prizes to the first people to agree to live in any of the locations!

- The Shoes: Since October, a common game in the house was to take the shoes that were in the family room and put them in Brian’s room, because we thought they were his. Then they’d appear in the family room again. Well, someone finally asked Brian if they were his. They weren’t. A search was on: Whose shoes are they? We asked all house members, friends, acquaintances, really anybody we’ve ever met. Nobody. We can’t explain it. But we can GIVE YOU THESE SHOES!!! (Size 9. Tasteful brown hiking boots. No detectable odor.)

-The Stolen Textbooks: Normally, Engineering events are dry and boring, and the 1989 IEEE International Microwave Symposium was no exception. Now, you too can relive the excitement of one third of the Symposium through the official 1989 IEEE International Microwave Symposium Digest! Three volumes to three lucky winners!

Interested? Email us at threeweeks@umich.edu for details! We’re not kidding! We swear we’re not!



The Every Three Weekly Guide to Hash Bash



1. Who to Avoid

Among Hash-Bashers there are many different groups. There are the students, who are likely harmless SNRE majors. But the ones to watch out for are the out-of-towners. They’ll come clown-car style, wearing tie-dyed shirts, birkenstocks, you know the stereotype. They are more likely to arrive high, so I would strongly recommend you rob THEM. The students don’t deserve your shit, man, but these fuckoffs, well, you know, stop short of killing them, but that’s all I’ll say.

2. Bad Shit

Dude. There’s some bad shit out there. Like, totally. Don’t steal that shit. Only go for the high quality stuff. Generally, if there are large chunks of what appears to not be pot, you have some bad shit. You were an idiot for stealing it, and you got your hands bloody for no good reason. The best way to deal with bad shit is to sell it to inexperienced freshmen. Or schoolkids. Like the youngsters I mentioned above. Or playgrounds are good, I’ve heard.

3. HOLY FUCK ORANGE WALDORF SALAD FUCK!!!!

You’ve probably done some bad shit. Or some not pot. You were supposed to sell that shit, man! Uh, stop that. Stop it! Stop slapping that three-foot long slug on the dashboard, man! I’m getting hungry.

4. Don’t Let the Hunger Distract You, Man

I’m serious. When you’re smoking you can eat, like, 6 god-damned turkey sandwiches, but don’t let that get in the way of why you’re really at hash bash—selling weed to kids. Now, you’ll want to know who to go after. If the parents are around, it’s generally not cool. Or uh, if there are too many of them, because they might take your weed and not pay for it, and then you won’t be able to get it back from them, seeing as how there are so many of them. Fucking blood-thirsty munchkins.

5. Do it for Your Country

I always say, a pothead will leave you notdead. Think about all of those school shootings. If the kids had just had some positive influence and smoked some weed, they’d be distracted from the anger and resentment that leads to violence. So the key is to get them to understand how much it can help.

6. Give it a Name

Name your pot. Having a pet name for marijuana guarantees that it will be appealing to the younger generation, kind of like an imaginary friend. “My friend **Harold**’s coming over later [winks].”

Now you’re well on your way to selling some bad shit to kids.



SCC

continued from page 1

College student Sarah Watches-The-Real-World. "How will the public at large know that this is a Native American establishment unless we more closely conform to prevailing stereotypes?"

Watches-The-Real-World suggested that the Chief be given a bottle of some sort of alcohol to remedy the problem.

Despite Michigamua's apparent success, spokesman Nick Delgado admitted that the negotiations did not go quite as planned for the secret society. "We said to the many strong braves who occupied our office: 'How. How. Many strong braves, you. We, many second-rate student leaders. We powwow about this warm-hut.' Strangely, this did not seem to placate them."

The meeting quickly erupted into a shouting match, and prospects for settlement were looking grim. Several wit-

nesses claim to have seen Delgado run about the room screaming in fright, although he denies such accusations. "I was merely trying to calm everyone down and foster an atmosphere in which work could be done," he said.

Other spectators paint a less forgiving picture. "I believe his exact words were 'Oh god, oh god, oh god'," said eyewitness and LS&A sophomore and SCC member Maureen Does-Laundry-On-Tuesdays. "Then he began begging us not to scalp him."

When order was finally restored and bargaining began in earnest, the two sides

quickly arrived at a stalemate.

Michigamua was surprised that their initial offers of booze and women were insufficient. "We offered them many fine squaw and much cheap liquor," said Delgado, "but they wanted something more. Even our generous offer of twenty-four dollars worth of trinkets was turned down. These savages are certainly crafty heathens, and I mean that in the nicest possible way."

The negotiations halted only moments later. "I bumped my knee on the table, and merely mentioned that I thought it was wounded, and they got all mad. I attempted to calm them down by promising not to shed any tears and offering them some of my trail mix, but they just got angrier. I don't get these guys."

Meanwhile, the SCC was on the verge of leaving the meeting. "Let's just say that [Delgado] is lucky that he looks a lot like Patrick Stewart," said

SCC negotiator David Drinks-Snapple-Constantly.

Cooler, balder heads eventually prevailed and deliberations went late into the night. By morning, both sides had agreed in principle to the deal. "Instead of fighting each other, we can join forces and fleece the University together," said Delgado. "With our available capital and the SCC's exemption from state law, we make an unstoppable team. May this pact endure forever!"

Michigamua is expected to break the agreement by Monday.

"How will the public at large know that this is a Native American establishment unless we more closely conform to prevailing stereotypes?"

Springtime in the Law Quad



The first fawning giraffes to appear in the Law Quad are a sure fire sign of springtime approaching.

ASH BASH

continued from page 1

sane, completely trashed, and a one-eyed hero named Snake. Someone's been watching a little too much science fiction. What's next, the Spartan basketball team beating the Wolverines by 50 points? Please."

Despite public outcry and repeated threats, the Ash Bashers remain free, unstoned (in at least the rock-throwing sense), and at liberty to inflict their savage brand of Jesus Pop Music upon the world at large.

However, thankfully for good Protestants everywhere, Bob Jones is scheduled to arrive in Ann Arbor on Thursday. Once here, he plans to smite the wicked, rend the unworthy, and enjoy the local baked goods after a job well done.

LAW

continued from page 2

asking if they should make the jump," he said. "I tell them that no matter what the circumstances, leaving early is dangerous. What if 'the law thing' doesn't work out? They won't have a college degree to fall back on. If anything they should attend more school and become what I like to call 'well rounded.' Even a simple Ph.D. will open so many doors throughout their lives. It's sad to see retired or unsuccessful attorneys reduced to network correspondence during every trial of the century of the month."

Despite the risks, Rubinwicz plans to forge ahead. "I know I'm ready," he said. "I've prepared for this all my life. Growing up, I was always known as the neighborhood's 'surly kid,' and I was voted most argumentative in high school. I've even taken up Tae Bo in case things get a little crazy and words aren't enough to plead my case. Trust me, I'll do fine."

DORM

continued from page 3

gut your cat'."

Gates also expressed disappointment that he did not have a cool guy with an eye patch follow him around everywhere like Al Sharpton.

When E3W talked with the two engineers about their dorm occupation, they were dismissive. "Occupation?" asked Weimer. "Ha! That's a good one. We engineers are gonna be the only ones WITH occupations after college!"

E3W reporters tried to ask further questions but the engineers had returned to searching for Diablo II information.

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Godspell

By Stephen Schwartz

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eye can
see the
truth...

not just
one.

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Our Changing World:

HBO Announces Plans for *If These Walls Could Talk* 3-14
Lesbians, Horny Males Across Country Celebrate

By Edward Donne

LOS ANGELES, CA—We certainly live in a changing world.

When HBO aired *If These Walls Could Talk* 2, a trilogy of films depicting the changing lesbian American experience, they expected a reaction, but no one could have imagined the outpouring of support from communities both familiar and unfamiliar to the lesbian cause the film generated.

While the usual activist groups came out in force, the network was also literally flooded with calls from eager male viewers demanding to see “more, for the love of God, more”—apparently to sympathize further with the plight of the American lesbian.

In response, the Home Box Office (HBO) network, fresh off a ratings bonanza from *Walls*, has announced plans for twelve new films of the wildly successful series. Lesbians and sex-starved males across the country have been effusive with their praise for the decision.

“This just shows how much the world has changed over the past 5 years,” said University LGBT spokesperson Stacy Ricardo. “Just 4 years ago Ellen DeGeneres was forced out of Hollywood after the hetero-dominated entertainment industry ‘disapproved’ of her lifestyle. But this latest request for 12 new lesbian-themed movies and three-season extension of *Xena: Warrior Princess* proves we’re finally being recognized in this society. I bet ABC regrets its decision now.”

Michael Eisner, then president of the ABC network, takes exception to such comments.

“I think those comments are unfair and they hurt me personally,” replied Eisner. “We didn’t cancel Ellen because she was lesbian and chose to kiss another woman on air. We cancelled her because she wasn’t engaging in what we in the industry term as ‘hot lesbo action.’ I mean c’mon, who would want to see Ellen Degeneres make out with *anyone*? There simply wasn’t an audience for it. We wouldn’t have minded

if, say, Anne Heche and Gina Gershon wanted to play a lesbian couple who own a leather S&M shop...”

Eisner trailed off and seemed lost in thought for a moment, before suddenly continuing: “Excuse me, but I have a... conference call to take. In the bathroom. Uh, bye.”

HBO, however, is proud that it stepped in where ABC left off. “We feel that by showcasing lesbians on our network, we better both ourselves and the homosexual cause,” said HBO president Steven Willard after the press screening of the movie. “Others will follow our lead.”

Strangely, Willard refused to stand up after the screening. He later did stand up and ran quickly to

the men’s room.

It is worth pointing out that lesbianism in cinema isn’t something new. The film industry has always had an undercurrent of counterculture, but ‘hot girl-on-girl action’, as the activists say, has only recently reached the mainstream in movies like *Bound*, *Wild Things*, and *Naughty Nympho Night Nurses VII*.

“The movie industry has been very accurate in its portrayal of lesbians,” declared *Night Nurses* star Nikki Knockers. “I can’t remember a time where I’ve been in so many movies with girl-on-girl, girl-on-girl-on-girl, and totally hot daisy wheel scenes. This says something about America’s acceptance of lesbianism. Go lesbians!”

It just makes one think of the many, many possibilities for lesbians in the coming years, doesn’t it? So many possibilities...

Excuse me, but I have to go to the bathroom.

Until next time, dear readers.

**Want to take photos of
Lesbians? Or better yet,
write for the E3W?**
email:
threeweeks@umich.edu



**E3W Photographer and Layout/Design
Editor Mike Chu loves his job.**

Tube Tops Pose Dangerous Risks Say Health Experts

Tube tops may seem like an innocent fashion fad, but University health officials are worried about the explosive growth of the trend and the negative side affects that accompany it. “It’s unbelievable,” said University Health Services’ Stan Richards, “Nobody has seen numbers like this since the mid-eighties. We thought that common sense had killed off the tube top.”

Unlike harmlessly bad fashion items like capri pants and butterfly clips, tube tops have been found to have a direct relation to increased alcohol consumption and unwanted hook-ups.

“We have found that initial response to tube tops is very predictable,” Richards said in an E3W interview. “Men are either highly aroused or totally disgusted by women in tube tops. Women will either ignore other women in tube tops or greet them warmly with a comment on how the color matches their eyes. Either way they end up talking about the other girl’s faults as soon as her back is turned.”

The main concern of health experts is the high level of drinking that accompanies tube tops. Due to its lack of shoulder support the tube top is inherently unflattering, relying only on elasticity to counteract gravity.

Just one of the adverse side effects is breast minimization; “Think about lying on your back without a bra,” suggested Richards, “because that’s essentially what your breasts will look like in a tube top.” Even more dangerous is what’s known as the “spare tire effect”, where even the smallest beer belly is squished out and exaggerated. The liability tube tops carry can result in a negative body image for anyone who owns a mirror. In order to compensate, many female students turn to the bottle to forget about their appearance, let go of their inhibitions, and throw themselves at men.

On the male side, tube tops have just as much of a negative impact. With their in-

creased popularity on the campus bar and party scene, men are faced to deal with a growing number of women who just don’t look good. Often desperate for companionship, men force themselves to drink, which makes women more attractive through a process known as “Beer Goggling”. The horrible result of this is men and women students going home with people who are not only total strangers, but thoroughly unattractive to them as well.

Realizing the grave danger that the community faces, Richards and his co-worker are working to fight back against what he calls “one of the worst fashion mistakes you can make.” While experts are unsure as to the source of the tube top’s recent popularity, they know that the trend must be ended.

“We don’t know why the tube top is back,” said Richards, “but this fad needs to be stopped before more innocent people are harmed.”

Next semester, University Health Services will hand out free mirrors, which are 90 percent effective against tube tops when used properly. Also being considered is a cash-for-tube-top exchange program, similar to inner-city gun exchanges. Richards feels that common sense is the best tactic against tube tops, “Women just need to face the reality that 90% of the population is going to look bad in a tube top. You’re not Yasmine Bleeth, deal with it.”

Instead, Richards suggests wearing more flattering clothes such as tank tops. “The tank top is perhaps the best alternative to the tube top,” Richards said, “the shoulder straps help minimize any squishing effects and allow the use of a bra if there isn’t any built in support. Furthermore, the tank top can accentuate the cleavage of the perky, round co-ed breast.” After becoming visibly flustered by his comments, Richards excused himself to the restroom.

“Holy jeez, I want to lick them,” he muttered.

Patricia Smith

Former newspaper columnist for the Boston Globe, she authored the companion volume to the “Africans In America” PBS TV series. She is a four-time national performance poet champion and winner of the Carl Sandburg prize for poetry.



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